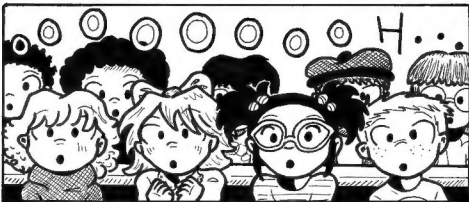


Behold!

THE KID WHO HAS NEVER GONE TO SCHOOL!

Chalk tastes
funny!



This is fascinating, but I fail to see what it has to do with the prophecy.



That's because we're not done!

I added your notes to trap a mountain goat for me.



I will now inject the animal with the essence of Unity!



Oh, you poor, poor thing.



Do you have any really big turkey barbers?

You see? Unity can know the Beasts of the Earth in the most direct way ~~that~~ from within!



How will we know it works?



The effect may be subtle...

SPROINGK



Duuuude.

...but I'm going to go out on a limb & call this a success.



You realize this is far stranger than ~~our~~ prophecies.



Strange is fine. Unscientific is not.



So you ~~don't~~ believe in the Great Seal, but...

I reject your explanation for the seal. It's an ~~an~~ unsupportable hypothesis.



Whereas ~~we~~ I've demonstrably proven that one can make talking animals by injecting lagoon ~~with~~ ~~Zeus's~~ blood.



Any sufficiently stupid technology is indistinguishable from magic.



S&P

There goes that poor bird.









**SCOOBOT
HOT!**



**WHICHAWAY
KICK!**



**SKEETER
RABBIT AROUND
THE WORLD!**



I got an idea.
Let's just kill each
other with
weapons.

Sounds
good.





Sorry, old lady, but
this battle is
mi-

HEY YOU!



Why dancha pick on
somebody your
own age?



'Course, if you're talking
~~my~~ age instead the
host 'body here... dag,
don't tell me I gotta
use
math...



Oh, just
frikkin'
pick on
me!



Now you will
see the true
power of
bureaucracy.





THE STORY THUS FAR

Unity, undead agent of Project Skin Horse, has journeyed to the mountain keep of the Notaries Public to become a Notary herself.

Flas, the Notaries are under attack by blaxploitation-themed mad scientist **Tigerlily Jones**. Even the funk powers of the Notary Abbess are nothing before her full soul onslaught.

Now Unity has possessed the body of her creator, Dr. Lee, and claimed the mighty stamp **EXECUTOR** to face Tigerlily in a final battle of hip against square, cool against jive!

I remember when this was a simple strip about transvestites psychoanalyzing lions.











This here's what
I think of your
contract!



Ha! I got carbons!
And you just
torched your
reference copy!

Mother
lovin'—



HA
W



That there
is some
top-flight
negotiation.

You gonna
finish
those
nachos?

Boosh
Voooh

W
W
W





Style Notes by Margaret E. Sperry & Judith E. Miller
www.stylenotes.com



Unity?
Unity, can
you
hear
me?

Oog.



Man,
boomerangs
eat. Where
are we?

Inside ~~my~~
brain and
~~your~~ mind.



Oh,
red,
for
red?

The indistinct,
dreamlike
wall's would
suggest so



Although I'm
at a loss to
explain all
the Willie
Nelson posters.

Yeah, no
friggin' clue what's
going on
there.

Being trapped in my head—even more so than usual—has given me time to think.

Yeah? What about?

For one thing, this whole lone-hero-with-weapon-of-power scenario.

It's all wrong.

Executor's a red herring. The true Notary should wield Notarial power.

Bureaucratic power.

The power of stubborn snail-~~so~~ glad mindedness in I stole large groups! Oh, I am glad I stole your brain.





What kind of off-
time jive is this?
This was a duel, you
and me!

Sure was!



Thing is,
these animals?
**They're all
me.**



Even one-on-one,
we've got you
outnumbered.
And that's what
bureaucracy is
all about!



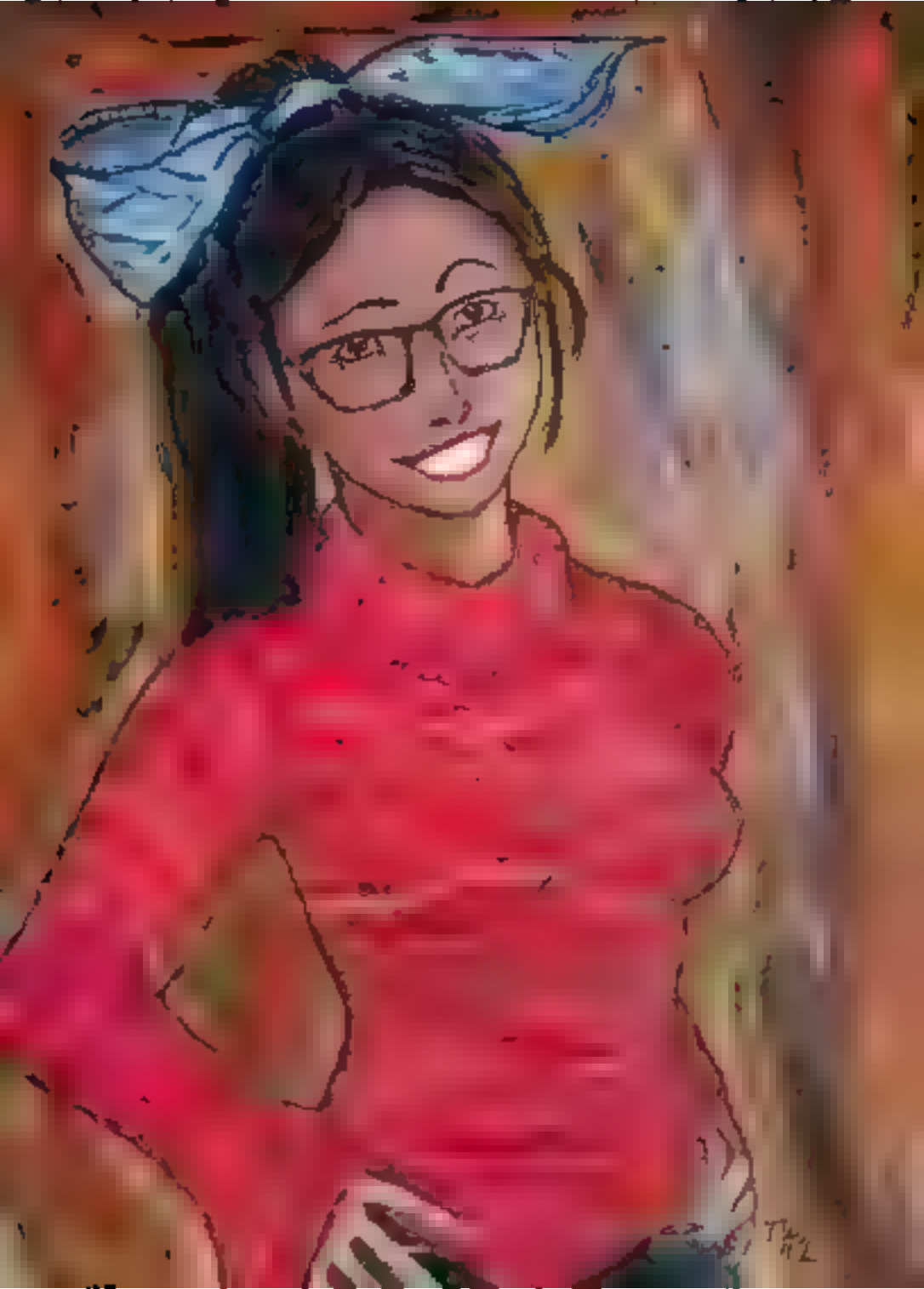
**CURSE
YOU,
THE
MAN!**

Zip it or
I'll make
the bear
snicker-snag
on you.









**BEHOLD
NOTARIAL POWER!**



This is payback for
my topless-male-mud-
wrestling
storyline,
isn't it?

YUSE!





Hey, Doc!
You coming
to my
Commission?

Shortly.
I've got a
you
hangover.



I **designed** you
and I don't know
how to
shake
it.

Eat brains.
Works
for me.



No more ideas about
what to do with
my body.
Kissing
Dr. Jones
was
enough.

I'm just
saying,
if you
feel it...



bradaAAnns...

Yes! Like that!
But make your
voice all wobbly!





For preserving our
Order, I commission
you...

Notary Public!



What-
ever
is the
matter?

Aw, I
missed out
on the
Deadly
Challenges!



Unity,
you've
more than
proven
yourself!



But I never
got to
use these
grenades!

And So.

BOOOO!





Hurricanes, twisters,
melting ice caps...
there's a lot of room
to express yourself.

Can I
do
earthquakes
?



Aff - You can't start
earthquakes with
a **ray**!



I mean, I can kludge
together an apparatus.
I warn you, it **will** incur
the wrath of
hallow-earth dwellers.



Go for the
weather
ray, sir.

Ehh... but the
Thursday Conspiracy
has a laser...



Look, the Thursday Conspiracy
is an espionage group. You're
a despot. You have totally
diff -



Oh, hey, it's the wife.
Mind if I take this?





Let's go get you wound up.





I'm never letting you
out on your own
again!

Aw,
babe...

What's
going
on here?

Wait 'til
you hear
what
Unity
got up to
in Idaho!

Be fair.
Unity's
free to do
as she
likes.

Sigh...you're right.
Unity, it's your
business if you
make out with
Tigerlily Jones.

I'm never letting
you out on your
own again!

DEAR ABBESS.
LAST WEEK I
LEARNED THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN FUNK AND
NOTARIZATION.



I ALSO LEARNED
ITS OK TO DRAW
PENISES ON
PAPERWORK IF YOU
SAVE THE WORLD
LATER.



munch
munch
munch



ALSO, SMOOCHING.
STILL AWESOME
WITH GIRLS.
YOUR STUDENT,
U.N.I.T.Y.



We're back.
May we have our
marriage license,
please?



SILENCE!



There.
Was that
so hard?



I
helped!





Berenice Jones.
Or "Tigerlily."
I need to know
your visitation
policy.



Right, you can't
confirm or deny,
but **can your
patients receive
visits-**



Institute
giving you
the run-
around?



Their
phone
bank is
hermetic.



And the
mocking
laughter as
hold music?



Doesn't
help.

*All
operators
are cackling
at your
 plight...*





In Those Days.

nok nok

Yes?

Why, hello. I'm looking
for a reclusive
writer, inventor,
polymath and all-
around genius living
in these parts.



Try
next
door.

May I
come
in?



I'll be brief. We read your book and we love it.

That book should never have been published!



Yes, you've always lacked the spotlight. All your brilliance, and here you are in an Arizona trailer park.



Tell me, why **is** that?

If you read my book, you won't need to ask!



When I said, "we," I didn't mean **me**. My steno took notes.

And people wonder why I'm hiding out here.



Flattered as I am that you tracked me down, I don't wish to talk -

Sir, my organization is interested in your theory in Chapter -



Your organization? Ms. Bee, I know an excellent lawyer, and if you pursue this line of inquiry -



Oh, things have gone well beyond that.

We've built it.



Okay, in a minute I'll be horrified, but that's pretty cool.

Want to see it?



Take me to this thing you've built.

Anasigma is very pleased by your interest, Mr. Men—



My only interest is in the enormous potential for misuse! I have no intention of helping you!



I'm going to your company to examine the device, shut it down, and go home. End. Of. Story.



In These Days.





Karsel die fig die SHADON ACHTIS
 Producenten van de ACHTIS
 The producer of the ACHTIS
 ACHTIS ACHTIS ACHTIS ACHTIS ACHTIS

Also known as: SHADON ACHTIS
 SHADON ACHTIS ACHTIS ACHTIS ACHTIS ACHTIS

Life is
all about
choices.

Say you plod through
16 years hoping there's
magic somewhere out
beyond the suburbs,
but not really getting
any proof of that.

Then, for just a
second, you see
something impossible.
What do you do?

Well?

Zerhacker?

What
the...?



Flybylight 85?
Nick Zerhaker,
is that you?

Oh, f- I
mean, darn,
it's Tom
Yu.

I don't ~~wanna~~ start
sh-stuff. I just
got online to
play -

Zerhaker,
you're dead.

Hah?

Your obit was in
the *Inquirer*.
How
are
you -

Aw, Sunday
lawnmowers.

Did you just say
"Sunday
lawnmowers"?

Must be
headset
problems.

So... um...
are you or
aren't you
dead?

Aargh.
Okay,
mu.

"Mu"?

It's Korean.
It means
the question
is too flawed
to answer.

I'm not
Korean,
Zerhak-
ker.

I know.
It's... like
a Zen
thing,
okay?

And I'm not Japanese,
but I'm pretty sure "Zen"
doesn't mean "being a
dick to Jonah."

Toddler
crosses
borders,
Yu.







Andrew n' Drag
Learning to Fly.

Fix Me Now.
Man and Machines.

I Am Robot
Make It Funky
... ..

flair of the Dead

Take Me Home.

$$\frac{1}{\Gamma} \frac{d\Gamma}{d\ln Q^2} = \frac{1}{\Gamma} \frac{d\Gamma}{d\ln Q^2} \bigg|_{\text{NLO}} + \frac{1}{\Gamma} \frac{d\Gamma}{d\ln Q^2} \bigg|_{\text{NNLO}}$$

$\rho_{\alpha} = 1, \alpha = 1, 2, \dots, n$

$\Gamma_{\alpha} \beta^{\alpha}_{\gamma} = m_{\alpha}$

$U_1, \dots, U_n$
 $\mu_1, \dots, \mu_n$
 $\sigma_1, \dots, \sigma_n$

Hey, Nera. You still
into computer
hacking stuff?

Huh?

You've got nerve,
Jonah. You! Coming
to me for help after
ditching me for
your new, **cool**
friends!

I can't
help it
if I'm in
demand.

Collectable
card gaming
has changed
you.

I need to trace an MMORPG account. You used to be good at that stuff.

Oh, Jonah. Again?



It's not like the old flame wars on the PSP boards? that! The nacking attempts on 4chan?



Not like the time you had me locate that troll in Philly who ticked you off... what was his name?



Nick Zerholder. Think you can find him again?

One last case. Then I retire.



C'mon in.
We got the
house to
ourselves.

Where's
your
mom?

Freelance coding gig
in New York. She'll
be back Monday.

She trusts you
here alone?

She trusts me to
know the difference
between the toys
and the accidents
waiting to happen.

And your mom's
CIA-grade
decryption
hardware?

Toy.
Definitely
toy.







Okay, ~~you~~ I've
I did your guy's rig.
He's in Virginia.

Man, Nera,
you're good.

LOL
he wishes.



guy's
D
but
Cov

~~He's~~ He's home

here.

kind
of

Illuminatus
would
straight

Guess who ~~he~~ just
scored you
an epic mount?

LOL
he
wishes.

Aw,
barking
A.



I can't
online as
much as
you, and
I'm a brain
in a tank.

Argh... the
brass has
me in a
holding
pattern.



I thought
you leveled
in MIB
after
Idaho.

Yes,
but it
just
means new
levels of
red tape.



Now this Mendoza
guy is stealing my
joint project proposal
over... I don't
know... "grave safety
concerns."



Yeah, kiss
him, coz
science is
like 105%
safe.

We just want
to poke
little
holes in
space-time!







Oh! Well,
er... scary
jargon
aside, the
project's
quite safe.



There's
bleach in
the medicine
cabinet.

Hey, this is looking serious. We should show this stuff to someone.

Show what? We've got no hard evidence.



Can't you, like, download stuff?

Critical data's behind an air-gap. Unhackable.



A what? No net link. We'd need to plug a flash drive into their server on-site.



Amnd a 'flash drive' is that Hello Kitty guy, right?



Hear that, Badtz Mon?
Men Neo here have a job for you..





You're on the road,
head full of dreams,
hatchback full of tech.
Grasping at magic.



Funny how you haven't
noticed something
magical beside you
the whole time...



...Nera's mom's
Dio CD in
the arrest.



**I LIKE A
RAINBOW
IN THE
DARK!**



Neer neer
neer neer
~~neer~~ neer
neer neer!

770
7:30



why, hello
in looking for a
reclusive genius, writer,
inventor &
pep man
in my
parts



Try next door.

May,
come



~~Ac~~ covered
of the
no to
of
Chapter -



Your organization
Mr. Bar, I know.



On, things have
long well
want



have
with it.

There is a
as
the
the
the













If... er... you had feelings for someone, I hope you'd feel safe talking to —



HA!

So that's what this is about? You think I'm **jealous?**



Maybe I just don't want my fellow agents carousing with the likes of Tigerlily Jones!



...attracted to me and threatened by my interest in Dr. Jones...



And stop taking notes on me!







Nera, what
are those
things
pointed at
the door?

Tau
cannons,
I think.

What?

Relax.
They don't
seem to be
there to keep
us out.

They're
to keep
something
in.

What the
hell is
inside
this place?

As of
now,
us.

Huh.
I really thought
the survival
instinct
would kick
in.

Let's get cracking.
See if that far door
leads to
a wiring
closet.

Already
checked!



Well?
I found two
crates and a
wrench!



Why're you
carrying
it
around?

It's a tool.
Tools are
useful for
infiltration,
right?



Sure put's
my multi-
frequency
scan scrambler
to shame.

Just for that,
you can turn
your ~~own~~
lag nuts
to shame.



Find me a catalog
server socket. Take
my ICEbreaker.

4know, this
isn't what I
expected.



It's like an
H&R Block in here.
Where's the big lab
with sparks and
lasers and-



Never mind!

And see if
there's a Coke
machine, okay?







WILLIAMS - BENTLEY

Back!
Stay back!

I may look
harmless, but I've
got a wrench
and -

oh crap

...but I
heard it's
a bad idea
to share
internet
accounts.

Squadspt.
What's the
worst that
could
happen?

There you
are, Unity.
What're
you doing
in Nick's

Using my
brainwave-
to-text
converter
hat!



Your **what?**
Where'd we get the
budget for
that?

Long story
wilkin.



Yes, well, I don't
think Unity should
be using advanced
neurotransmission
hardware
to write...



...a solid negotiation
strategy for
tomorrow?

Yeah, it
wouldn't
print my pictures
of dudes' junk.



Unity, these are good ideas! I didn't know you had this level of empathy!

It was hard!



But you said to do something unusual, so I deployed my sweet new civil-servicing skills.



Plus we're dealing with zombies, and I been in Dead Rights long enough to know all their special needs.



"Fill the fire extinguishers with Febreze."

Trust me. You won't regret it.





Geez, Jonah, how hard is it to find a...



Are you okay?
Did you hit a conduit
or something?



Oh crud crud crud.
We never should've
come here.



But since we're here, try
not to spontaneously
combust all over the
Mystery Equipment, Kay?



Okay, it's nice and dark in here. And they're playing some kind of movie, see?

i walk the path of leaving

Just...rest here while I figure out what to do, okay?

ok m ster president

Hello and welcome to your career at Anasigma! I'm Dr. Karen Radesko.

hi

For the next six hours, we'll be learning about Anasigma's acceptable footwear policy!

Teach me your ancient wisdom

Moustachio's Man-Portable It Has Raisins Fusion Pie



3 pears
3 small tart apples
1 cup mixed raisins
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
6 tblsp. maple syrup
1/2 tsp. ground ginger
Juice of one lemon
1 tblsp butter
2 tsp. cornstarch
pie crust

Peel and slice pears and apples.

Mix into bowl with raisins, salt, nutmeg, maple syrup, ginger, lemon juice and cornstarch.

Dot with butter and cover with top crust, cutting small holes to vent

Bake at 400°F for 1 hour

Apply the polish with
Polishing Rag N-2,
available from
Requisitions.



Eugh...
my
head..

Hold one corner
like so, with your
dominant hand.

There was this
light, and...what if
I'm really hurt?



Apply polish from
heel to toe.

Crap, how do you
tell if you've got
brain damage?



Any deviation will
result in electroshock.

Answer me,
wrench!



Here's a tip from "Pete"
at Satellite Station Δ15:
Try warming the patch!

Okay, I can sit tight
until Nera
gets back.



Thanks for the
tip, Pete!

So she's vanished.
That doesn't mean
anything's wrong



Naturally, Pete was
extirpated for
violating shoe policy.

I'm sure she just
found something
important
to do



That a
ret spec
paladin you're
playing?



Please.
Prot spec
all the
way.



YU, CHERE!
Mission
accomplished,
kinda!

Who are
you?
This is
research!
I swear!



We've been looking
for you. You know
a guy named
Zerkaker?



Oh no.

To have broken into
the facility like
this... you know our
terrible secret. You
know what we've
done.



You've been
sharing an
RPG account,
huh?



Yes!
Please don't
tell your
masters at
the game
company!



What's going on?
Tell this lady we're not the gaming police!



It's okay! We're just here to raid your servers! Wait, what?



Gawd, Tanah, you fail so hard.



Oh. Did you not know that part?

Ignore him! We're with Blizzard!



Security? I'm 99% certain we have a break-in...





You two stay here.
And turn over your
phones!

Aw man.

You
too,
kid.
What's
that?

Nothing of
importance.
Just a silver
tube with no
clear function.

Good. So long as
it's not a **phone**.



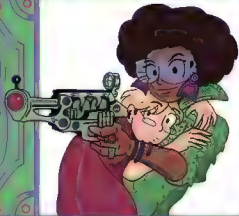
I hope
they don't
pay that
guy too
well.

There
could be
"apps" on
this thing!



Skin ♦ Horse

• Volume ♦ Three •



By Lawrence K. Murray
Illustrated by [illegible]

Shift your
organs, J.
We're bugging out.



This op's gone hard
south, and I don't
know how long my
back'll hold.



Once those
scan-webs come
back up we're
FUBAR, so time is
of the essence!



"Quick, let's
run for it"
has like five
syllables.



It's
called being
moti-
vational?



Look! An exit!
We made it out
in one piece!







pro-
tee-
-d
-d

Flutter
Flutter



The End

yrrpyrrpyrrpyrrp
Polishing Rag #2,
available from
Requisitions.



YAAAAA

Hold one corner
like so, with your
dominant hand.



I'm not dead!
I'm alive and
watching a six-
hour shoe care
video!



So... I kind of
broke even.

Apply polish from
heel to toe...



Okay... so those
can't have been real
cannons. They were...
teleport guns?



*Subsection Four:
Spit-Shining!*

Yes! Teleportation!
It's the only answer
that makes sense!



*No actual spit
is to be used!*

4U, C'MERE!
Mission accomplished,
kinda!



Time travel!
It's the only answer
that makes sense!



*Use of spit will
result in extirpation!*

At the Bell, Baton

Is in the of Baton

at the Bell

at the Bell

May 19th 1900 in New Orleans

New Orleans Louisiana, LA

The New Orleans Incident

Swampy N of Fish Fry

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

New Orleans

at the Bell

Voodoo Man

Swamp Thing Theme

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

The New Orleans Incident

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

at the Bell

The New Orleans Incident

at the Bell











grrrrrr Polishing
Rag N-2,
available from
Requisitions.



Hold one corner
like so, with your
dominant hand.

Holy cheese.
I've got a
restore point.



Apply polish from
heel to toe...

**SCREW YOU AND
YOUR SHOES! I'M
EFFECTIVELY IMMORTAL!
WOOT WOOT WOOT!**



We're getting
strange "woot" or axolotl
noises from Flood the
the training room with
theater. cyanide gas.





Slide 10: Snake bite treatment 10/11/2020

No actual spit
is to be used!

Okay, so hollering
gets me killed.

YU, C'MERE!

Mission accomplished,
kinda!

And there's
Nera. This time
I'm staying
put.

Now we'll see what
it's like when I
don't get shot,
vaporized, or burned
to death by
lizards!

Kinda boring,
actually.

Memorize the following
lacing diagrams...



Rachel from Cluster
One asks: are "Flip-
flops" appropriate?

I've figured it out.
This is Hell



The answer is ~~no~~,
Rachel. Prepare
for extirpation.

I'm trapped in here.
IF I leave, I die.



No other questions
were submitted!

My prison is perfect and
eternal! Nothing can
penetrate to bring me
succor!



Oh, hey,
great
signal
in here.



Hey, Yu.

Zerkker?

Look, I know I sounded
weird on chat the other
night, and I just wanna
say aot nothing unusual
going on.

A:EEEEEEK!
Wom



Let's
talk
later.

Did I hear a
mutant super-
cavolt! eating a
chick's head?







Life is all about choices.



Then, just for a second, you see something different. What do you do?



read the

Say you plod through 16 boring years 'hoping' the world



but maybe the truth is that they don't see it. It's not really any proof of what



Zachhakker?

flybynight 85? Willick Zachhakker, is that you?



Oh, f- I mean, damn, it's just who

look, I don't want to start sh- stuff. I get online to play.



Zachhakker? You're dead.

Huh?

Three years ago. Your obit was in the paper. For me - you -



Aw, Sunday Immortals?

Did you just say Sunday Immortals?



No. Must be headset programs.

Hey, here. You're a computer making - stuff



Huh?

You're our computer. I think you! Coming to me for help after ditching me for your new, cool friends!



can't be it in a Leonard Pierce.

'Magic The Gathering' has changed you













Hey, Ys
Zerkicker?



...room - ~~stayed~~
would be coming up on us
...right?
...I just want
make sure you
know it's nothing
unusual going on.



...told
me



So this
Tuesday is
a friend
of yours?

Crossed out
no. We had the
big ~~celebration~~ ~~big~~
funeral ~~four~~
years ago.



He got hold
of my ~~RL~~
~~name~~
and -

What, ~~you~~
2 years ago?
Yeah,
...yeah.



you ~~were~~
fighting a whole
year
old?

Over
Final
Fantasy



It's true
As travel got
gotten to be too
much of a
headache,

Look, he
started making
...and then
when he reached
...most people



Would it happen
be funny?

...Zerkicker?



Um...
hello?
What the ~~hell~~
...mosaic-tiled
poolhouse floor
do you think
you're ~~flipping~~
gingerly?
...panther?



Like I ~~don't~~ got enough
...opal cubes
...
some ~~secret~~
Mayan artifacts
has to ~~eat~~ the
magic
fudge
...Share.



And
me
...
Easy for you
to say,
...gotta watch out.
Easy for you.



Naturally, Pete was
exterminated for
violating shoe policy.

Okay, I can manage
one phone call, but
not two.

And Nick can't be
here for three hours.
So he can't help
directly.

I can call anyone,
anywhere... once.
What's my top
priority?

Hey, Zerhatter, give
me the number for
your hot girlfriend!

She's not my-wait,
who the muck
is this?













That a ret spec
paladin you're—

Dr. Lee!
You have to do
exactly as I
say!

Who
are
—

Pick up
your
canister of
nerve gas!

How
do
you
know
about
—

Get behind
the door.
Nera, we'll
hide under
the desk.

Why am I doing
whatever a strange
teenager tells me?

No idea,
but thanks!





Echo Bravo, your
vitals are noncompliant.
Please respond.



Er, yes! Echo Bravo
here! Everything's
copacetic!



Good. Please
provide today's
security
phrase.

Security phrase?



Please answer
in five or we
turn on the
Maser grid.

This place has ~~way~~
too many ways to
die!



Incorrect.
Please prepare
to be
parboiled.

Okay, time out.
I've got to
stop and **think**.



The slightest
misstep means death.
To escape, I'll have
to plan each move
like a chessmaster.



**NERA! RUN!
RUN RUN
RUUUUN!**



Okay, that's
worked as
well as
anything
so far.

I hear
we need
to watch
out for
axolotls.



STANDARDS-BASED BOOK

THE NEW YORK TIMES
BEST CHILDREN'S BOOK OF 2005
THE DAY I GOT LOST
MARY MAE FLORES
Illustrated by [illegible]



© 2005 by [illegible]
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without permission in writing from the publisher.





Sorry. Sir, um, if some-
It's late, one tried to go
and through that door
amphibians thing you've
chewed got there...
my wing.



Oh, no one's ever
gone **through** the
gate, even when it's
working. Far too
dangerous.



And to go near it
while it's venting
transspacial energy...
my best guess is
that the subject
would be
killed!



Well, not
more than
ten or
fifteen
times.



You think
you've had
a long
night?



This is Project Second Gate.
It's based on an idea
I had once.
A bad idea.



A time machine.

No, I've never
cracked the energy
expenditure barrier,
thank God.



The gate opens onto
alternate universes...
other timelines,
better and worse
than
ours.



Can you show
me one where my
band director
is covered in
festering boils?



Even if
it weren't
on the
fritz,
no.













You've gotta know an exit. You go home, right?



Hardly ever anymore, but yes.



I have a pass card. Keyed to ~~me~~. If I'm scanned helping escapees, it's extirpation.



There! That! What the heck is extirpation?



No one comes back from it. That's all I need or want to know.



If it's fatal, we'll hit it eventually.



It's more of an "employees only" way to die.





Okay, I can be
there in—

Three
hours!

...three
hours.

You! You can't get us
out, but can you

hide us
for three
hours?

Rgh... fine,
but it's my
funeral.

Keee

Nera, I
think our
luck's finally
turning a—

'Snap'

CRASH

SPLAT





Stay in my office.
Don't make any noise
and you'll be fine.



Unless, I can't
repair the Second
Gate apparatus, in
which case ~~NO ONE~~
will be fine.



In the
building?



In the
universe.



Ooh, could
you not fix
it just once?
I bet it's
awesome.



The rest
of us
don't
get to
respawn!





You know something?
After all this, I still
don't regret it.



We took a chance
to wonder, to drudge
for knowledge.
To risk! To
experience!



How'd we die
that last time?

Dissolved in
sewer acid.



Maybe I don't want
to be a scientist
after all.

That one
wasn't bad.
Tingly.





**AHH! LASERS!
THROWING STARS!**



**KNOCKOUT GAS!
BIG CRUSHY
ROLLING THING!**



**BOTTOMLESS PIT
WITH POISON
SPIKES!**



Wow, I'd
~~never~~ be
able to
do that
again.



Um, you
think these
guys are
venomous?





Unity, these are good ideas! I didn't know you had this level of capacity



It was hard!



But you said to do something unusual, so I deployed my ~~new~~ ^{unique} civil-serving skills.



Plus we're dealing with zombas, & I hear in Dead Rights long enough to know all their ^{delicate} special needs & stuff.



"Fill the fire extinguishers with Fiberglass."



Trust me You won't regret it.



Hey Wilkin.

Yes Nick?



Um, yeah, so like how secret is our secret organization?

You want through or at all, didn't you?



Yeah, but, for example, if someone or stuff was talking to discount Clorox, bleaches = online...

Nick, as long as you're not telling people your Black Ops.



Um, Yeah.

What's the harm?



Hey, Jonah!

You're a Carbon date, right, Nick?

What? What were you doing to say?

Wasn't supposed to forget!

No, I airt. I just been letting my... not at someone there log in or...



No why! Since when do you have a friend?



I been out living life, away?

Since I go = Since my friend.



Must be nice...
being able to hit
"refresh" on life.

Nera...

You can say anything,
and on the next
playthrough I
won't remember.

Anything
you want
to ..
tell me...
Jonah?

Nera?

Yes?

In sixth
grade I ate
your mom's cold cream.

Yeah, okay,
I'm ready
to die
now.

Not, like,
alone!
On bread!



tmp tmp tmp



You say goodbye
to Dr. Radesko.

Goodbye to that uncomfortable chair.

Goodbye to the
Training theater.

Sorry about this, ma'am.
I brain-damaged him.



We're evacuating
this —

YARR!
**I FORGOT ABOUT
THIS GUY!**
HEEA, RUN!

**WATCH OUT FOR
THAT, THAT, THAT,
THAT, THOSE THINGS,
AND THAT!**

**TAKE THE WRENCH!
FIX THE PORTAL!
SAVE THE
UNIVERSE!**

Um, what just
happened?

Fortunately, I've
now got three
hours to
explain it.









So that's five
extirpation-grade
polishing
faults right
there.

I... had
no idea.



And don't get me
started on your
lacing ...

You've gotta
help me!



Oh,
I
don't
know
...

I'll give
anything!
Anything!



The security
phase I'll
need after
I knock
you out?

Oh, is
that all?
Sure!



And that's it!
A correctly polished
shoe. Now **you** try!



Later.

That's for all the
times you
laser-rifled me.



*Echo Bravo,
please re-*

Chocolate
ice cream.

Roger.



I'm sure in
context that
was pretty
boss.

Yeah, I'm
eventually
awesome.





Welcome to this
Black Ops
Social Services
support craft.

We regret that a
live agent is
unavailable, but
this automated
craft is programmed
to assist you.

So sit down
and refrain from
asking any...

What're
you
snirking
about?

Nerd,
meet Nick
Zerhokker.

Oh,
wizard!

Ant
people,
how'd you
know?





Okay, there's your
parked car.
Thanks for the
blackmail.

You're welcome!



Don't pull this cramp
again, Yu. You may
not know it, but
A-Sig's a dangerous
place.

Dangerous?



It's just an
office building!
How bad can
it be?

I
mean
it!



**A HA HA!
A H A H A H A H A!**

There's,
like,
guards!

You
need bed



Alternate universes, J!
That's, like, infinite
mes!

Uh-huh.

I wonder who
they all are.
Imagine: "Nera
Vivaldi" Space
Explorer!"

Or "oceanographer"
Or "hyperspace
scientist"!

Or "blackened
tau-cannon
stain."

Buzzkill.

Let's reschedule this
talk for a day I haven't
died 40
times.

It was only
like 27.



Echo Bravo, do you know why you're here?

I tried to apprehend the intruders!

The little guy always knew what was coming! Like a sixth sense!

That's not why you were summoned.

Then what —

Your name was drawn for a surprise footwear inspection.

Thank you, intruders.

Please insert a compliant shoe into the Apparatus of Judgment.



Are you ~~done~~ done
 playing around in
 the ~~possibility~~ possibility or
 what?



it's been okay
 since then
 just run,
 anyway.



So no
 norm done
 right? Everything
 work t—



S. E. COME | A S.
 B. COME | A

This is a
 picture of a
 girl who is
 not a boy.



— a normal
 right?

Oh
 boy.





... Tip? Do you know what time it is out—

Artie, were you just in my shoe closet?



Because I swear you just jumped out, grabbed the dress I was sewing, and vanished.



You saw a gay man jump out of your closet and steal your clothes.



If it were anyone but you, Tip, I'd suggest a good Freudian instead.



Knew this thing wasn't ready to test, but no one listens to—

Erm.

Klick

Tip, I sympathize, but the time portal will open again in eight seconds.

What's going on? WHERE'S MY DRESS?

Four seconds now —

I hear talking, I don't hear organdy—

Like I said, no one listens.



Look, it's quite simple.
I foolishly agreed to
test a time machine for a
mad scientist I know.



Obviously, it's
not working
correctly.



And I have no
idea why we keep
winding up in...
your... closet...



We ~~are~~ a
couple of
handsome
devils, aren't
we?

Whatever
you and all
the rest of
you are
thinking,
forget it.



YAAUGH!



Oog... no more
vegan rabbit
before bed...

Up already?



>blink<

>blink<

>blink<



Dave?
Couple of loose
ends here...



You should
wear more
sweaters.

Oh, I
know.

Look, it's quite simple.
I foolishly agreed to
test a time machine for a
mad scientist I know.



Obviously, it's
not working
correctly.



And I have no
idea why we keep
winding up in...
your... closet...



We are a
couple of
handsome
devils, aren't
we?



Whatever
you and all
the rest of
you are
thinking,
forget it.

YAUGH!



Oog... no more
vegan rarebit
before bed...

Up already?



Dave?
Couple of loose
ends here...



You should
wear more
sweaters.

Oh, I
know.

Thank you all for your efforts at the summit with Florida's undead community.



Sweetheart gave your work high marks, Unity.

I traded arms with the Queen!



My sole complaint is that none of it worked.

I'm really liking the elbow on hers!



Unity, we're getting chewed out.

But gently.

Now we're arm sisters!







Are you firefighters
waxing over the
zombie drama?

Er... yes,
Nick.



So you got's a
population of
disenfranchised
semi-citizens with
limited social
support.



They've survived in
the cracks of your
society, but now
they're dreaming
of more
...

What are you
suggesting?



Mike isn't
from orbit.
They're
bubbling
zombies,
dude.

You know
why we
don't take
diplomatic
advice from
you, right?



As dispiriting as the Florida business was, we have a chance to rally in the clutch.



Project Skin Horse has received a request for assistance from the city of St. Charlie, Massachusetts.



Given the *milieu*, naturally care is of the utmost import.



You've never heard of St. Charlie, have you?



Since Sweetheart has done her homework, perhaps she can describe your destination.

Oh! Yes!
Right!

Okay... St. Charlie is a black site. It's a technocratic city dedicated to the irrational sciences.

It's an entire town of ~~mad~~ scientists?

And their creations.

Where exactly is it?

I don't know. I stopped reading that file so the dreams would stop.

Zombie Rights Now!



BACK-UP YOUR THINGS NOW!

© 2011 ZOMBIE RIGHTS NOW!



One nanosecond
after its birth in
an MIT lab,
GODOT named
itself.

It went on to coin
the acronym "IHFP,"
still the MIT student
motto. It was shortly
claimed by the
military.

At its peak, it
could generate over
5,000 new
acronyms per
second.

Output like that
could eliminate our
dependence
on foreign
acronyms.

It
helped
make
America
great.



"Uniting & Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept & Obstruct Terrorism."







... I'm not a listener ... I'm a listener ...
... I'm not a listener ... I'm a listener ...
... I'm not a listener ... I'm a listener ...

**Everybody loves
a listener ...**

hehe

Remind Nick
to get a
power-wash
while we're
gone.

Nick. Bath.
It smells
like old
feet in you.

Forget
it.

C'mon.
What
if you
meet a
cute
Cessna?

You think
I wanna
bore
an aircraft?
How does
that work is
your head?

Ain't nobody I
care to impress,
so here's four
minutes of belching.

> click -

BRAA-

RAAA-

Ooh!
You found
one of your
hidden sound
files!

Hanging
up now.

Dr. Lee!
The lunch
are you
doing here?

I'm on
assignment.
Sorry, it's
classified.

Oh yeah?
If you
wanna go
flying or
something
after...

Really?
I've never
been, you
know, up
in you...

And neither has
Sergio, so I'm
sure he'll love
it too!

Never mind.
I hafta go
drown myself
in the Charles
instead.

Are we
talking
to a
heli-
copter?





Hey,
Ms. Bee.
Can we
talk a
mo?

How nice of
you to ask!
No, I'm
afraid I have
an appointment.



Otherwise I'd
love to chat all
day about your
flying or your
little hobbies...



So is there a
reason you ain't
told nobody you're
a machine?



...or your
bleeding-edge
multi-phase
scanning
equipment.



Does it get
awkward
not
having
nipples?

Lady, I see in like 20 spectrums. Maybe you look human to the rest of the Scoobies, but not me.



And after I wore scent to fool the dog... I should've remembered your vision.



Hey, I won't rat you out. I just thought -



After all, Nick, I'm the one who removed your spectacles.



No barking fair! You don't get to have a more shocking revelation than me!



Amateur.



Uh... Shut up.
are you. You're not
Goldbug? going to
The hacker breathe
who broke a word
me out of- of this.



I don't breathe. And if
you're trying to
threaten a
muskrat-
fluffing
armored war
machine...

We won't
go after
you. We'll
go after
Dr. Lee.



She doesn't have
armor plating, does she?
In fact, I think you've
noticed how soft and
warm and fragile
she is...



Oh, I am **so**
glad Wilkin's never
flicked you.

We're done here.







"Go Down?"

Not on
the first
date.

So St.
Charlie is
underground.

Gre
↓
St. CHARLES

Fine. Mendoza,
fetch the climbing
gear. Virginia,
hack Public Works.

Did you
hear?
I said,
not on
the —

I'll locate an old
ventilation shaft.
And get dynamite.
This will be a
long, hard process.

But the escalator's
taking **forever**.

I know what we need?
Sannichos.



So we've made it to...
a subway snack stand.

Just wait.

This isn't the end.
More messages
will come.

Look what's
on my grilled
cheese!



Somebody
should tell
them we
own cell
phones.

I mean,
tomatoes!
Is that
right?











Virginia!
So good
to see you
again!



Yes, Dr. Wilkin,
I'm sure the
ah, feeling is
mutual—

Why, Tip, what a
pleasure. What do
you say to renewing
our acquaintance?



Ah, yes, Ms. Bee.
We can talk at
some point.



There's
something
wrong
with my
girliness.



I had that,
but babe got
me this stuff
from the
drugstore.



So this is a competition?

Exactly!

St. Charlie is an interspecies city. Both your groups deal with nonhuman sapient's.

We brought you here to assess which of your strategies is more effective.

Let's save time and give it to the team with the matching uniforms.

We all like speed suits, but this is science.

So when's the train
to St. Charlie?

I'm so
hungry
I'd eat
Tip.

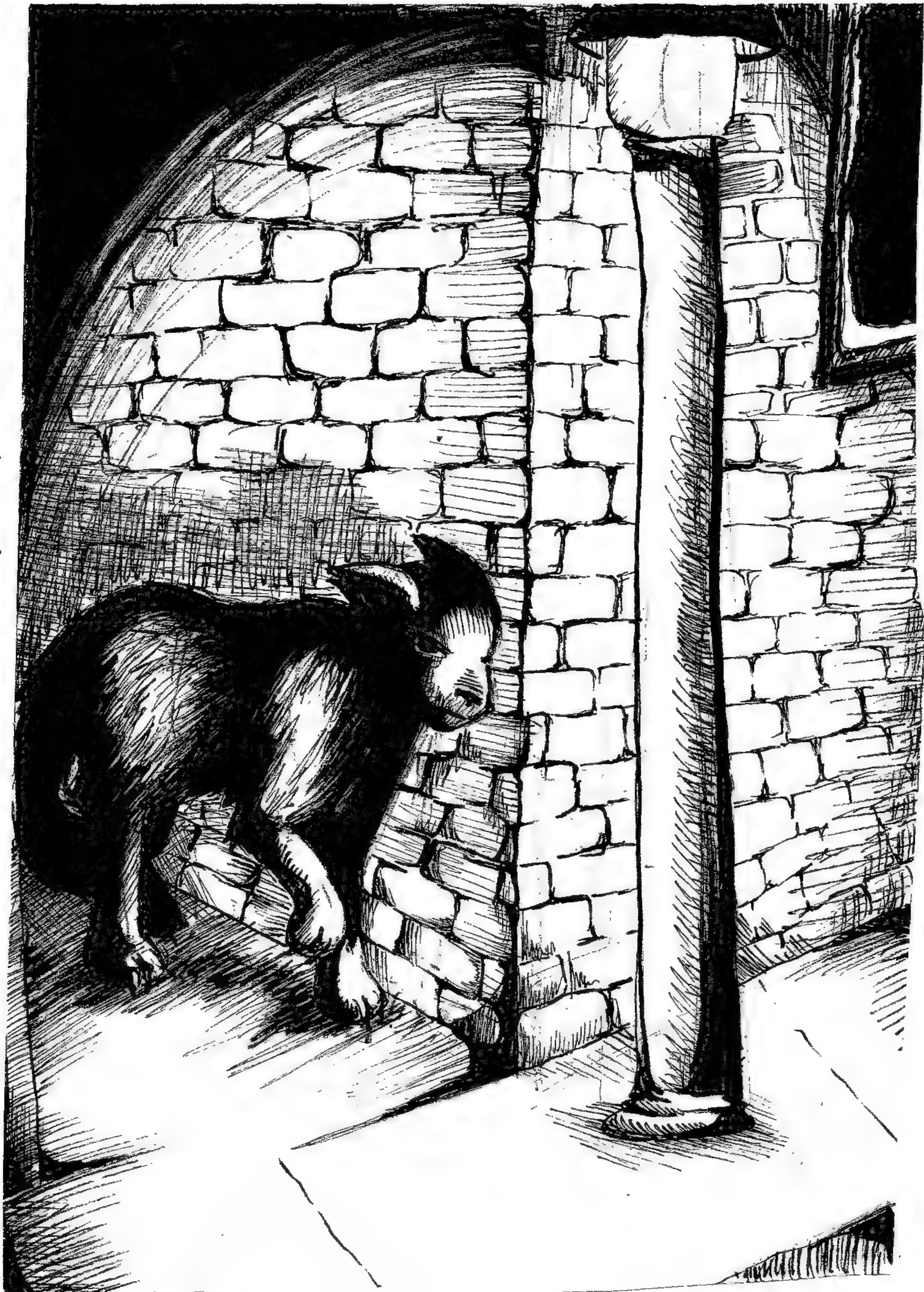
There is no
train to
St. Charlie.

What? Then
what are we
waiting for?

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

We were
waiting on
St. Charlie
herself.

Wait,
why was
I singled
out there?





How many people live on this train, otherwise?



Six thousand! How do you manage?



Modern rail travel is ~~really~~ under-rated.



We've got White Castle, too!



This isn't possible.

Ooh, I advise against using the "P" word.



It's bigger inside than outside! That doesn't make sense!

Ahahahahaha!



She... she said... something **doesn't** make sense!



Not nice, Walske! She's new here!

Hey, lady! Euclid called! He wants his geometry back!







Babe, let's go clubbing!
Not seals this time!

This is no time for fun. We've got work.



Ruby, we'll need every scrap of data you have on GODOT.



C'mon. Let's get White Castle carry-out and settle in for a long night of research.



Paperwork and cruddy fast food? ~~Now~~ who's having fun?



Virginia,
if ~~you're~~
free
tonight...

So flattered to
be your second
choice, Tip,
but this place
makes my logic
centers ache.



I'm going to find
my room, put my
head under a
pillow,
and cry.

Ditto.



Hum.



Ms. Bee, do ~~you~~ know
anyone who'd enjoy
spending
time with
me?

I'm off
to bed.



I'd read about places like this at Anosigma, but to see it for myself -

I know. It still gets to me.

I know the space-folding here is done with Jenkinsonian quadratics, classic mad physics.

And I know it's irrational by nature, but I still want it to settle down and make sense.

Also, some of those beast-men are hot, and I don't know how to feel about that.

You know what helps? Booze.

I'm curious, Dr. Lee.
Why do you work
for Anasigma?

Why do you?

Initially, I calculated
that it was the
path most likely to
minimize harm.
But now I'm not
so sure.

With the
work they
do, how
can I
remain
complicit?

Oh.
I joined
because they
let me
make
zombies.

You're
right.
Booze
does
help.

My zombie
tried to eat me,
but I injected
myself with her
blood and it
worked out okay.

Personal log: Target entered with only minor complications. Violet identity compromised, but it was outliving its use anyway.



Fortunately, I have two the most brilliant sane, human minds on the planet at my command...



Deep Purple!
Ayudamos a tomar todas las sorpresas!

We're gonna play Jenga!



Addendum: Next mission, just bring big guys with sticks.



Loser wears those underpants we found. It's the punishment.



Look, Sweetheart!
More zombies!
Again!

Mm-hmm.

Y'know, this is how it
oughta be. All different
dudes getting along...
why isn't the whole
world like
this?

GANGWAY!
GIANT FLESH-EATING
FLUKEWORMS
COMING THROUGH!

I mean,
it's **cool**!

Mm-hmm.

Skin Horse
Volume 3
Release Party

Saturday,
August 25
5:00 PM
Borderlands in
San Francisco
www.skinhorse.com







As usual, no
one gives a
crap but me.
Fine.



I don't need anyone
to handle a basic
psychotic AI.
I don't need anyone
to out-think A-Sig.
I...



I need someone
to huddle under
a blanket with me
with all the lights
on.





It had to be you guys!
You wrote on
Unity's sandwich!
And the moon!

Sorry?

"Go
Down"?

The
directions
you left
us?

I don't
know
what you're
talking
about.

Our message to
Skin Horse was an
encrypted puzzle
letter. Didn't you
receive
it?

Must've been
on Unity Makes
a Papier-Mâché
Dinosaur Out
of the Mail
Day.

You
know,
she's
really
quite
advanced.

I guess I'm seeing stuff. It's been a long, weird day.

Stress can cause hallucinations.



Wait, Tip saw the moon writing! ...But we both had the stress of dealing with Unity.



And Unity saw the Sandwich message! She must've been stressed dealing with Tip!



How special, being the only non-aggravating member of your team.



I've got a Power Point presentation on it. Wanna see?



STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS



OF QUESTIONABLE SCIENCE.

WOOO!
LURCHING!
WOOT WOOT
WOOT!



Who's not
lurching?
**NOT ME,
BABY!**



Um,
excuse me.
This is a
"pure" lurch.

Oops.
Sorry.



It's fine.
Just stick
to moaning
"brains" for
this one.

**AW YEAH!
BRAINS,
BABY!
BRAINS!**



Maybe
you could
go form
your own
horde.

Your moan's a little ebullient. Don't get much lurching topside?



Nah. Only for charity purposes, per the U.N.



Stick with us, kid. You'll get all the lurch you can take.



Sweet! So where do we ravenously feed?



Right this way.



Brains ...

Now you've got it!

... so I said, "Bite
mort? Darling, I am
la grande mort!"

tee bravo!
nee



I say, this neural
tissue is exquisite.
It's ~~vastly~~ **fresh**
improved
my brain-
power.



fresh
from
the vats
it is!

You mean
to say
this is
~~artificial~~
brain?



We're not
allowed to
actually
feed down
here.

But look
on the bright
side! It's
cruelty-free!



Occasionally
one ~~needs~~
some
cruelty.

On the one hand,
your technology
does allow a
stable equilibrium
with the living.



But you haven't
addressed our root
problems. You've
simply **fed** the
hunger.



In short,
Heaven help
your city if
this dispenser
ever stops.



Do you
have a
problem
with our
Society?

Let's just
say I'm of
two minds
about it!



Ah ha ha!
Your wordplay
distracts from
your sinister
undertones!

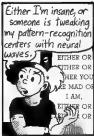


Wouldn't miss it for the world! Ta ta!



CORRECTION

THEIR BLINDNESS WILL DESTROY THEM



us T. that patuk our shadow



ger. y Could you ever see yourse f self as down in a another person of ether gender?



Interesting.
You seem to be evoking
controlled paranoia.

I COME
BETWEEN
MAN
AND THE
DEED OF
HIS HAND

I'd love to study
this further, it's a
shame my document
is temporary.

Oh, rock, listen
to me all talking
with semicolons!

Sigh... **very**
temporary.

AH
WHEN THE
GHOST
BEGINS
TO
QUICKEN

You're GODOT,
aren't you? I
should record this
for my colleagues.



WHEN
THEN
PEN

Unfortunately, I have
no one to whom to
entrust the information
but myself.



WE ARE
ALL GOING
AROUND
& AROUND
& NOT
A SOUND

Honestly, it's like
raising a
preschooler.



This is so
humiliating.



ALMOST
TOO
ADORABLE
TO
DESTROY



Why are you so protective of me? I'm not exactly fragile, you know.

Huh?
I-

I can't talk like this much longer. I just wanted to ask.

Unity, I don't know what to

What are you afraid of, Sweetheart?

Un.ty?

Oh, rock, the hotel bathroom comes with a hairdryer! I'm so shower with it!

Saved by the bell.





Internet + Convention =

September 21-23

Illion Washington DC/Noctville

INTERVENTION 2012

[Intervening & Inspiring since 2010. Geeky-powered Digital Media Convention & Conference.]







Limbo under the security gate!

Philips! This is a secure checkpoint!



This station's a joke posting! Nothing ever happens in this sector!



Could you ease up on the cocky declarations?

What, you think hubris invites ironic downfall? It is to laugh!

Nice known' you, Philips.



My declaring how safe I am is **perfectly safe**.

Ooo, let's hang around and see how he --

Just keep moving



GODOT is through
that door. First team
to find a way in
wins.



© 2014 DC Comics

Well, I've got a
busy day of science
ahead.
Good
luck!

Question
before you go.



If this is just a
friendly competition,
why are you so
nervous?



...lasers to
calibrate, maybe
renew the
light bulb...



Unity,
detain
her.



Aww, she's
got crunchy
bits.

51



Forget this noise.
You're goin' down,
door!



Welp, I'm
out of
ideas.

And then
there was
one...





Okay, GODOT.
If you can hear
me, I'm going to
skip procedure.

I'll get to the point.
If you don't open
this door, something
terrible will
happen.

Found my puppets!
I must've left them
in the bolted-off
ventilation duct in your
quarters!

I
tried
to
warn
you.
It seems I also
locked them in a
tackle box
wrapped in
barbed wire.

Hey, I got
us 13 donuts.
You two can
split the
last one.

Leave it
for Tip.
I need
air.



The client hasn't
so much as beeped.
I don't even know
if that camera's
on.



I'm going back to
that checkpoint
party to find
something meat-
related
to eat.



That dead dude is
meat-related.

Oh, Phillips.



What the hell
happened here?

Phillips just
keeled over!



He said he wanted
a little kick in his
daquiri, so he
refilled it from
the synthesizer.



What'd he throw back?
Jäger? Everclear?

Molten phenol.



You're a
better man
than I,
Phillips.

He's also a
deader
man than
you.

Only
just.







And **time!**
Team Skin Horse,
your Round One
progress report?



I empathized
myself into a
brief coma.

I ate
donuts
and
curry.

I inves-
tigated
a suicide



Were your efforts
productive?

No.

Nope.

Absolutely.



Speaking of which,
better visit the loo.

Seriously, can
we forfeit this
thing soon?



Hero

Therapy Jester
Level 1 Engineer



Attributes

Strength

Agility

Intelligence

Vitality

Charisma

Critical Chance

Armor

Health



You have no items to equip





Skin Horse reported
no progress.

Quelle surprise.
Now it's our turn.



I'm sure I can
come up with a
diplomatic
solution.



Here's
hoping!

Mendoza,
ready the
last of
our
explosives.



What
about the
diplomatic
solution?

I said I
can come
up with one,
not that
I **will**.



What the
hey are
"napalm
rifles"?







Enough, GODOT.
I'm sure you've
been listening
all along.



Just so you know, I'm
about to steal your
city out from under
you, and you can't do
a blessed thing
about it.



I'm going to steer
this rolling asylum
back on the track of
order. Of sanity.



This is going better
than most conversations
I have
with blank
walls.

Emergency
chalk, madam!













Your writing isn't
real, is it?
You're manipulating
our perceptions.



But Violet's immune.
You can't "speak"
to her.



A
VIOLET
IS A
VIOLET
IS A
ROSE

Meanwhile, you can
tweak my brainwaves
to make me see
anything, believe
anything—



RELAX
I'M A
HOMICIDAL
AI



NOT A
PERV

Not
reassuring,
GoDot.

Do I
even need
to be here?







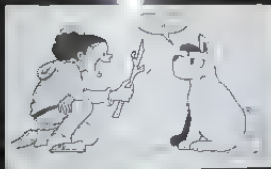


















I have
to go
powder
my nose.

Virginia!
Wait! Forget
what just
happened!



I acted rashly.
I forgot to treat
you like the rare
flower you are.



You deserve the
verbal caresses
of a true
gentleman...



Dr. Lee!
The punt
is going on
down that
sandhole?

Thank
God
for that
satellite
reception.





Yes! Yes!
I just...
needed to
talk.



I'm on
a date.



No, this
date is
a **much**
bigger
disaster.



Freshest Tissue in Town
Hordes Welcome
Medusa Served All Day



Okay
okay
okay.
Talk.

I went to Ms.
Bee's quarters
for debriefing
and she wanted
to discuss...
debriefing.



Violet Bee?
Get the foot
outta there **now**.



Fund polite.
Violet's bad news.
Largely run for it
and don't look back.



But, um,
don't let on
nobody
told you
nothing.

Run for my
life in a
casual
way.
Got it.



Dr. Lee can take
care of herself.
She's way smarter
than me.



And she's got Wilk.m
looking out for her,
and that
Mendoza asshole...



Fact is, I wouldn't be
needed even if I
could fit down there,
so I'm free to get
back to Minecraft.



Lee







...so I left her lying there!

And you really didn't seize the chance to crack her plastic skull open?



She was helpless!

Sorry, sorry. At 8-Sig you have a reputation as... er...



A ruthless brain butcher?

Er. Yes.



But this was a robot. Robots are **cute**.

Let's check in on Violet before I change my mind and flee forever.



Violet's door is locked. She must be up.

Or it's that Al toying with us again.



If you're right, GODOT made me misread that manual and build a bomb. He manipulates minds.



In a city of people who pride themselves on their brains, that's power.



Let's hope someone here knows how to ~~USE~~ those brains ...



I am **so** unbelievably smart right now.





KITTIES

Illustration by: [illegible]



You again! You sabotaged my letter to myself!



YOU
SHONE

TOO
MUCH
LIGHT

I WANT
YOU
ALL
LOST

IN THE
DARK

But you spoke to Anasigma, didn't you?



Why?

That's what still confuses me. What do you want, **really?**



I'M TOLD
DESTROY
IS PLAYED
OUT

No, destruction is good! I like destruction!



THEN I WANT
YOU TO KNOW
HOW IT FEELS
TO BE
TORN TO BITS
&
EXPLODED



I'm going to
report this,
you know.

HOW?
WORDS
BEND
TO MY
WILL

I'll make a recording
this time.

I'LL MISLABEL
EVERY BUTION
CORRUPT
EVERY
MONITOR

I WILL HAVE
YOU TRYING
TO RUN A
WEBCAM
WITH WINDOWS
MINESWEEPER
SEE IF
I DON'T

That may actually be
more fruitful than using
the Microsoft
defaults.

HA HA
COMPUTER
HUMOR

LET'S RAG
ON BING
NEXT





Hi, Mr. GODOT!
The pretty
main lady & I are
here to be your
friends!



I don't
think her
listening

Let's try
another tack -
Virginia, I did
do some
downside stuff



Hi! I'm a
career soldier
stuck playing
a natty party
therapist.



America appreciates
your service
there's some
strong drinks -



Good, thank,
Mr. President!

Ms. Bee I'm flattered,
but I'm not - that is,
you're a woman -

Oh but
you know
it NOT.



Why can't you
open your mind
& accept that
I'm far more
~~like~~ than this
bitch?



It's got
wobblers.



Just to make
the grotesque
ending.



Oh-kay!

This has been fun,
but I just remembered a
feminist appeal meant that
mean, my dog groaner
not - etc -



All right. I admit it!
I'm not a groaner!

Please
show
me you're
not upset!



xp
flup



GODOT was right!
I'm really bad
at this







GOODNIGHT
MY FAILURE

TOMORROW
IT ENDS

It doesn't have
to be this way!

Talk to Skin Horse!
We're here to
help you!

We have resources
to manage your
mental problems-

I DO
NOT HAVE
MENTAL
PROBLEMS

I MERELY
WISH TO
WIPE OUT
A TRAIN-
CITY
BECAUSE
I AM
BAD
AT
ACRONYMS

This job is
easier when
I can't think
about it
very hard.



I met this... guy.
I know it! It's
just snoop, gone!

What was
he like?

Funny. Dangerous.
Sweet. Violent.
Crazy. And...
weirdly lovable.

Can a person be
all those things
at the same time?

I think so.
Yes.

Rock, the killer
beheaded all those women
with an
Infinite
Shrimp
Buffet!

Unity,
that's the
commercial.











What about iced
brains? There's
gotta be some in
there!



The machine's
down, okay?

Mocha brains?

No!

Cinnamon brains?

No!

Pumpkin spice brains
with double glia?

Rrrgh...



For the last time,
the only brain in
the room is in my
head!



BRAAAAINS...



Ooh, **bad**
snarky outburst







SERIOUSLY

MY KILL
EVERYONE
PLAN IS GREAT

Mm.

IT KILLS YOU TOO
JUST SO YOU KNOW

I'm sure
it does.

AREN'T YOU
GOING TO
DEMAND ALL
THE DETAILS

Hm.

No.

OKAY

HERE IS
WHAT I
WOULD
SAY IF
YOU ASKED

Ah,
computers
~~do~~ make
life
easier.

OH YEAH

YOU'LL BE SO
DESTROYED
YOU'LL
THINK
IT'S THE
OLD WAR
AGAIN

Wait.

You're the third
client to mention
this "Old War."

I PIQUED
YOUR
INTEREST
AFTER
ALL

Yes. Would you
like to talk
about it?

YOU WERE
ALL
"DON'T
CARE"

WHO WON
THAT
LITTLE
STAND-
OFF?

Inasmuch as we're
talking, **both** of us!

YOU TRICKED
ME INTO
FRIENDSHIP

DAMMIT

Please! What can
you tell me about the
Old War?



ONCE
UPON A TIME
THE WORLD
WAS ROUND
AND THE
FUTURIST
SAW COLORS
GOING
ROUND
& ROUND

HE BUILT A
LITTLE HOUSE
TO MAKE HIS
LITTLE
DAUGHTER
SMILE
& THERE WERE
DOGS COWS
WILD PIGS
RABBITS CATS
LIZARDS
& SECRETS

IN THAT HOUSE
IS THE LAST
MEMORY OF
THE OLD WAR

THEY WILL
BOTH
DIE SOON

I HAVE
HEARD

So the answer to
my question is...
"Nothing, actually."



IT WAS
BEFORE
MY TIME

ALL RIGHT

THE END

I WILL DESTROY YOU BEFORE DR. COLLOB HOUSE FALLS ANYWAY

1 You can't
want to just
destroy us.
You guided
us here.

(FOR A SECOND
I
THOUGHT
YOU
COULD
HELP)

Let us help, GoDOT.

[illegible]

But I have **great** motivational posters.

OH LOOK

THE 'HANG IN THERE' KITTY

I FEEL
BETTER
ALREADY



Whatever Tip's up to,
he'd better not waste
our **HOLY GEEZ**
ANOTHER CORPSE.



I was
just here!
What
happened
?



We were
trying out
German
on the
dogs...



Don't tell
me ~~they~~
did this!



They're
guard
dogs.



And according to this,
the German for "Fetch
me a beer" sounds **just**
like "kill your handler."



Dammit,
Android
Appstore!





Ruby!
There
you are!

What are
you doing
here, agent?

Solving
the case
of your
constantly
dying
crew.

Thank you
but I've
got bigger
concerns.

We've arrested A-Sig's
team captain, you're
three minutes over
your time limit, and
there may be a
slight
zombie
apoca-
lypse.

Holy crap,
that's...
wait, do we
lose points
for going
over?

Well, what's
taking you
so long?









Damn! His defense
is impenetrable!

All he did was
put a chair
under the knob!



Yes, but the door's
thermoablative
plasteel.

Oh, for
crying out
loud.



You can't
make anything
simple down
here, can
you?



You know
what we
need?

**Tech
support.**

You know
what we
need?

Marinade.



Ooh, yeah,
a Little
Heinz 57
and that



I HAVE
TO SAY

YOU WERE
KIND OF
RAD
THERE

I'm not
"rad."
I'm a
psychologist.



I'LL GIVE YOU
ONE (1)
HINT

TO THE VICTOR
GO THE
SPOILS



(HE'S THE ONE WHO
MAKES THE TRAIN GO)

You've.. commandeered
the train's
power source?

IT'S
WHAT
I DO



SORT
OF A
HOBBY

Some people
make fishing
hires. Have
you considered
that?



YUP

I CAN
WIPE OUT
THIS CITY
WITH 2
TRAIN
SCHEDULES
& A
TEDDY
RUXPIN

Okay, I'm
feeling
some
concern.

I want to maintain
client confidentiality,
but you're making
credible, if
unorthodox,
threats.

CONFIDENTIAL
TO ST. CHARLIE

IN 1 HOUR
YOU WILL
ALL DIE

Thanks for easing
my professional
misgivings.

WHAT
CAN I
SAY

I'M A
STAND-
UP
GUY

Damn it. Is Dr. Lee
Didn't expect that
Al to frame
me this soon.



We're ~~all~~ in danger,
son. These may be
the opening shots
of the New War.



What are you
talking about?

Our ~~job~~, Mendaza.
Defending America
from enemies
within and without.
It's why you joined
up.



No, I joined up because
you stole my invention
and threatened to
collapse the multiverse.







We don't have time -



"Nya na na na na."



We, er, can't, actually.



They want me to work on my scorn, okay?

The truth is, the contest was a front. We needed help to reach GODOT.



It's that old philosophical question. Can God create a stone so heavy he can't lift it?



We created an impenetrable room. GODOT doctored a work order and got in.



I could go for a big heavy rock right now.



Yeah, sounds delicious.





If we can't reach
GODOOT, we'll deactivate
his main weapon. He
said it was in the
engine.



Ruby! I'm trying!
Call the
engine! All the
comm channels
are off!



Fine. What idiot
would kill
our comm
system?
We'll
go on
foot.



EARLIER.

EMERGENCY
YOGURT
DISPENSER



WARNING

Insert or use
DISPENSE
DELICIOUS
YOGURT



Ooo,
yogurt!



Dr. Kirk! Get off that stupid thing and **run!**



Actually, recumbent bikes are very sensible.

Not only are they more ergonomic than standard bicycles they have a lower frontal profile!



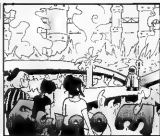
The net result is an aerodynamic, efficient riding exp—



Ooh, sturdy framework too.

Less edutainment! More running!





Behold the
ENGINE!
I am **Tobot,**
Duty Engineer!



Tip Wilkin, psychologist.
We think your power
source has been
tampered with -



How amusing.
A soft scientist,
essaying to "think."

More like **doody**
engineer, amirite?

My ears are
too advanced to
hear puerility.



BOOGERHEAD!

LA LA LA!
Too ADVANCED!



This
way, folks

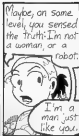


















You're fighting nonhuman equality?

"Equality." Captain, you've dealt with a transgenic called RT-5778.

Who? ...Oh, Artie. He's nice.

I'm sure. He's also effectively superhuman.

Against a world of arties, how can humans compete? We'll be reduced to serving them, cleaning up their vomit.

And doing makeouts.

People ask why I think our species is in trouble.

You've seen it, haven't you? The undead are rising first, but the others will follow.



If Zombie Queen Elena allies with the Emperor of the Necropolis, they can push for suffrage.



How did you know about -

Well, hand the vote to shambling maniacs with no impulse control.



Sake of argument, we let 18-year-olds do it.



And look how **they** vote!

You see nonhumans as **competition**?

That's the reality on the ground.

Our pilot was born human, and he became a field promise machine.

Ah, Nick Zerhacker. I once thought transhumanism became a held promise.

Then I witnessed the maximization of cybernetic potential: a helicopter that won't shut up about Nintendo.

He had a **lot** of complaints about "Paper Mario" on the way over.

That was the day I knew despair.







TRASH

created & written
by Shaenon Garrity

drawn by
Jesse Hamm

The Darien!

The newest, fastest, sleekest
and least unexpectedly flammable
vessel in the HFC's ultra-elite
Kvarship fleet!

Staffed entirely with
Class Four citizens, the best and
brightest of the Happy Family, it
represents the ultimate achievement
of known lifekind.

And its goal is
still greater: the discovery
of a hypothetical Class Five
race, a civilization even
more advanced than
our own.

If such beings exist,
these are the people
we want them to meet.

Whether or not
the Darien fulfills this
lofty mission, it's sure
to encounter wonders
beyond our understanding
in the diamond rifts of
uncharted deep space...

I think we've disabled the Victor Device.

You "think"?

You doubt our massed genius? This reactor is now no more dangerous than a slice of birthday cake.

AAH!
THE FROSTING!
THE CREAMY
FROSTING!

I demand more and better reassurances.

Not... coconut...



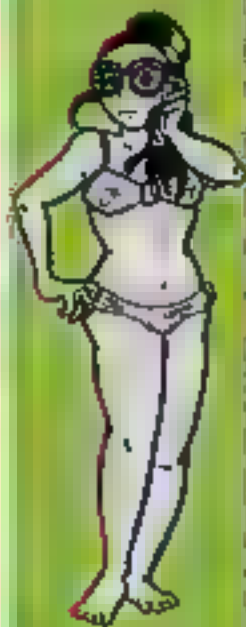


5X612

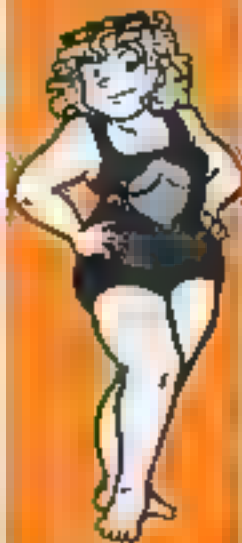




**! MIXING !
MADNESS
AND GIRLS!**



**! MIXING !
INTRIGUE
AND GIRLS!**



**! MIXING !
DANGER
AND GIRLS!**



**! MIXING !
THRILLS
AND GIRLS!**



**- MIXING -
VINTAGE 1960s
MARLOTE
AND GIRLS!**





SKG12



YOKIHO

REASON



YOKIHO

REASON



1582/5053 New Track
ROD (4 33)
YKZ
Read or Die

ALCOLM A LEMENTARY

Please Welcome our Speakers for

CAREER DAY

Jeffrey C. Wells, Writer

Shaenon K. Garrity, Artist

Mellie K. Kelle, Attorney

Class, I'm very
pleased to present
our next speaker.





PERFECT!!
4 COMBO



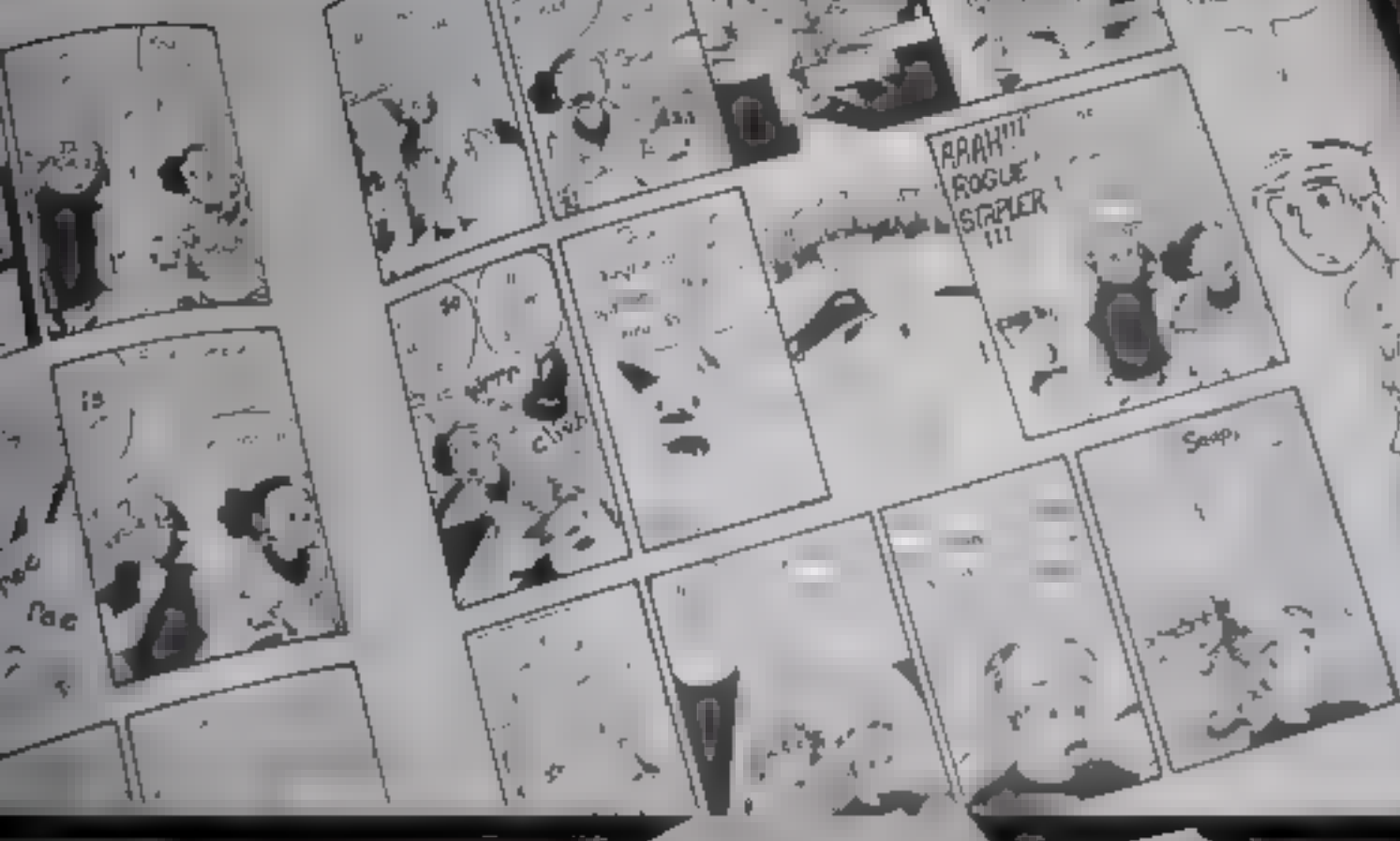








a y k for a vent nes [ay movie ions,
 vant are of E m G pet or and wox









Dr Dennis "Tip" Wilkin

Classification: Human (Cispecies, Non-Enhanced)

Position: Project Liaison/File Clerk

Blood Type: O

Observer's Notes:

So one who served with Captain Wilkin in the U.S. Army can criticize his integrity or his dedication to his country. However, many of us have criticized his equal, if not greater, dedication to dressing in women's clothing, which he began doing (at least in public) during his last tour of duty. Psych profiling during Tip's subsequent CIA training (in which he did surprisingly well) marked him as a candidate for Project Skin Horse, which provided us with a quiet place to stash him away. At present, he seems happy to perform the miscellaneous tasks best suited to a human employee. According to Tip, these mostly involve watering plants and winding the receptionist.



Please stop moving
my silliness benchmark.









58613



58613











ZOMBIES FOR
STRENGTH